

Elections, the press, the state of the finances, penal laws, petitions,—there was not a single doctrine of liberty or economy that he did not maintain; not a dispute of the *côté gauche* in which he did not assume a part. Manuel was the most judicious of his party. He never allowed himself to be misled through imagination nor arcused by enthusiasm—another defect in the character. He weighed things most exactly, and possessed a vision so extensive and so clear as to enable him to foresee and proclaim that a revolution would spring from the fourteenth article of the charter.

He had also a lively predilection in favor of the working classes, and perhaps to that secret sympathy which binds the multitude to their protector, may be attributed the affectionate remembrance in which his name is held among them. The torch of democracy cast its rays from time to time upon his path, and assisted by its glimmering light, he glanced at almost every question that was likely to be agitated at a future period.

The party opposed to Manuel heard him with manifest impatience. They heaped upon him contempt and injury. Now they shrugged their shoulders, and now they turned their backs upon him. Sometimes they murmured so loudly as to drown his voice, and sometimes came down upon him from every bench with rage, and followed him even to the foot of the rostrum with the most biting sarcasms, and the most outrageous epithets. Manuel, unmoved amidst these furious outbreaks, preserved the serenity of his countenance and the placidity of his spirit. He received the shock without being staggered by it, folded his arms, and awaited silence to resume his discourse.

He was a man of calm intrepidity, and a warm and patriotic heart—possessing manners the most courteous, united with a disposition the most agreeable, an integrity of principle wholly unaffected, a command over his ambition, and a humility truly extraordinary.

I will say no more upon the subject of his moral qualities. He was the friend of Lafitte and of Dupont de l'Eure; this is praise enough.

There is more exercise of imagination than one would suppose among all political parties. They are anxious to live and establish themselves. They alter history, they adapt it to their tastes and the gratification of their passions. In fancy they impose on some one of the illustrious dead the part of advocating their opinions, even when that very person would not have done so

himself, nay, even when such opinions could not then have had an existence, much less a name. In this manner do the republicans now wish to shew that under the Restoration, Manuel was their servant. The sophists of the Tuilleries pretend that, at this day, he would approve of their course. These are too simple illusions. Manuel had, as millions of the French at this moment have, republican affections rather than republican convictions. Bold in acting a contrary part, he, however, openly avowed his preference of Napoleon II. to the Republic. His language was:

“Republicans are heads, not matured by experience.”

And again he says, “that the principle of republicanism has been able to deceive some exalted minds, but is not consistent with a nation's greatness, in the present actual state of society.”

Again, that “the throne is the safeguard of liberty,” and still further: “liberty is inseparable from the throne.”

Besides, he declared himself for the royal prerogative, for the institution of the two houses, for an hereditary peerage, for the payment of the clergy, for the practical securities of public officers.

Yet, for all this, Manuel did not belong to the Cabal of the Palais; and when, on one occasion, it was tried to make use of his popularity to assist a certain person, Manuel, beset by importunities, exclaimed: “Speak not to me of that man!”

It is a very prevalent opinion, that, had Manuel lived longer, he would have directed the movers of the revolution of July; that he would have pointed out the shoals on which too hasty steersmen wrecked the ship of state; and that he would have rendered it impossible for authority to overleap its shores and submerge liberty.

Finally, noble deeds exceed in importance the wisest counsels, and the most elegant dissertations. No; all Manuel's warnings could not have hindered the destiny of things from being accomplished, and as to his words, they will pass away; they are already gone! But so long as political courage, a hundred times rarer than warlike, shall be esteemed among us, the name of Manuel shall live in the memory of the French.

It was the year 1825; all at once, the patience of the *côté droite* burst itself. That party had already been disturbed, when Manuel, giving a loose to the overfulness of his heart, expressed his hatred towards the Bourbons. From that instant, his name was enregistred on the tables of the proscribed. With attentive air and upraised